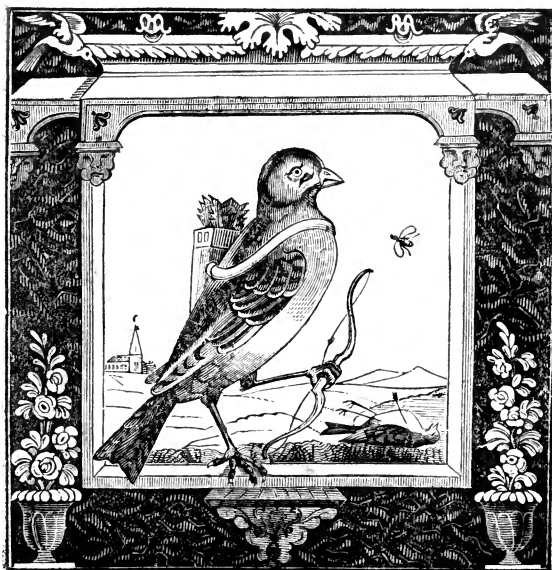


THE
LIFE AND DEATH
OF
COCK ROBIN.



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THE

LIFE AND DEATH

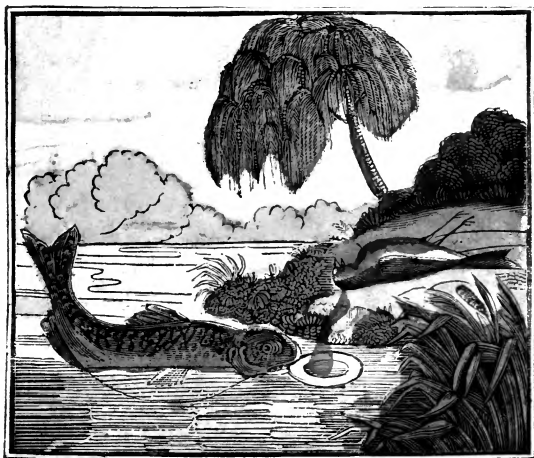
Sarah, of Steele
COCK ROBIN.



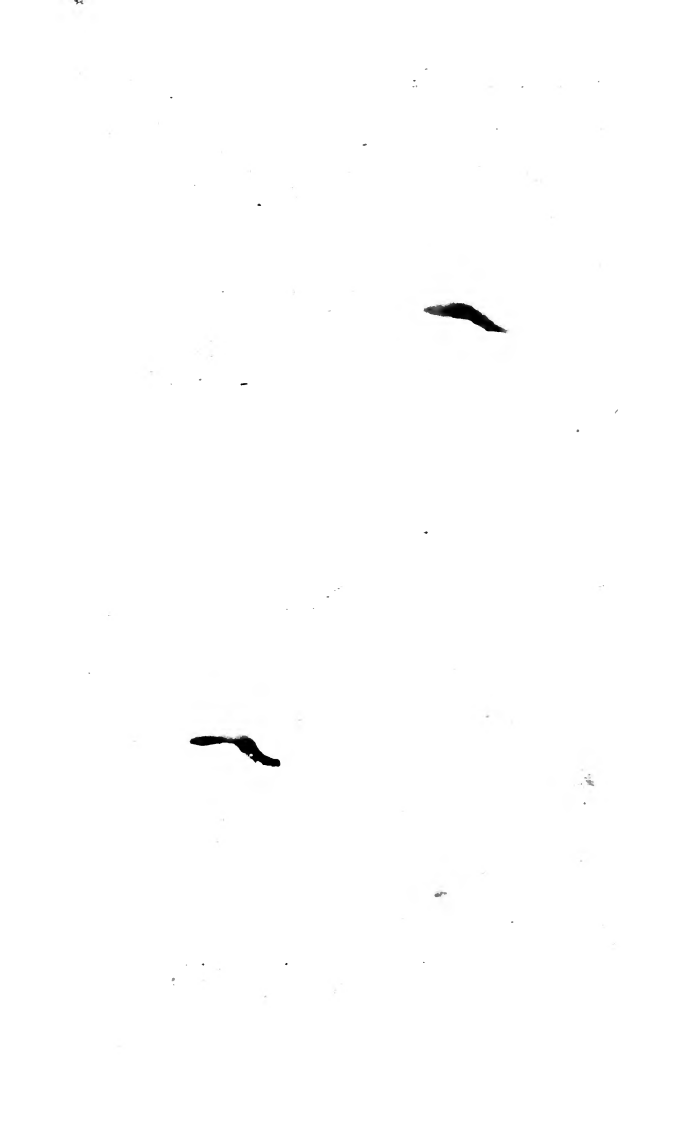
Who kill'd Cock Robin, I says the Sparrow,
With my bow and arrow, I kill'd Cock Robin.

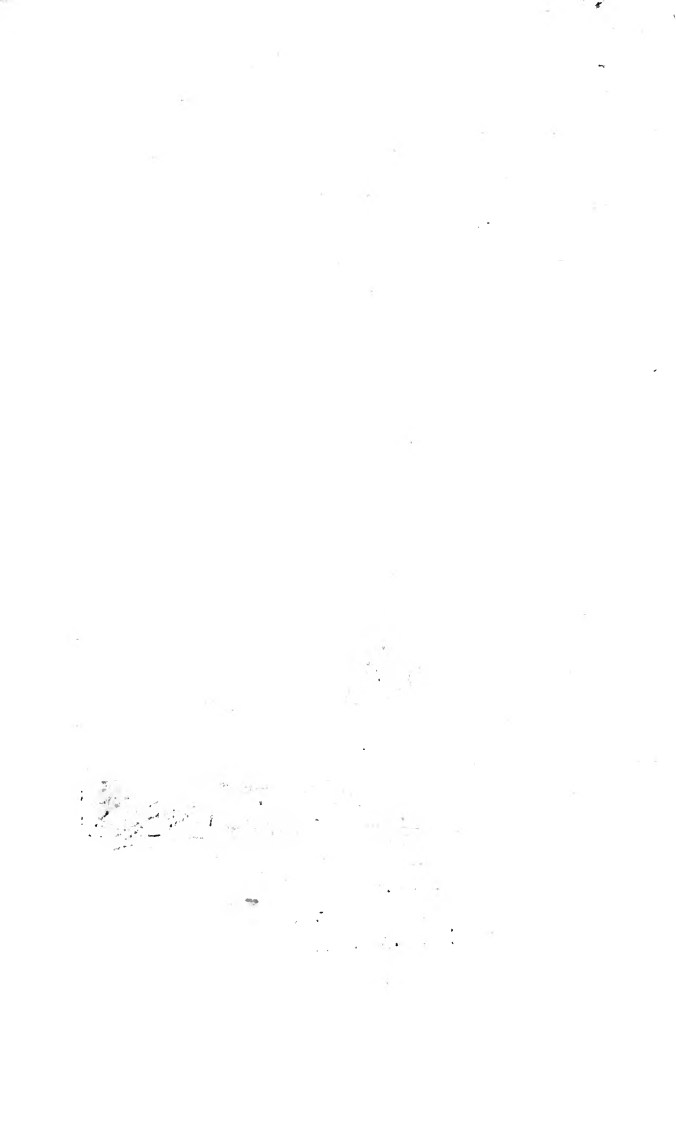


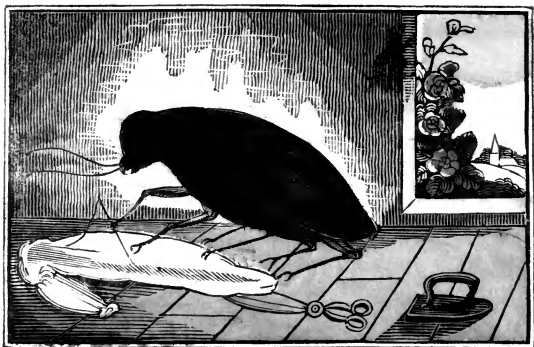
Who see him die, I said the Fly,
With my little eye, And I saw him die.



Who caught his blood, I said the Fish,
With my little dish, And I caught his blood.







Who made his shroud,
I said the Beetle,
With my little needle,
And I made his shroud.



Who'll dig his grave,
I said the Owl,
With my spade and shovel,
And I'll dig his grave.



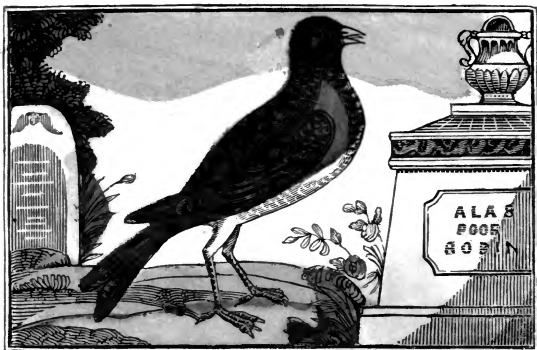
Who will be the parson,

I said the Rook,

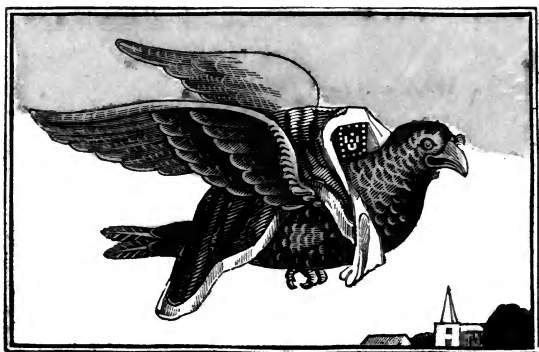
With my little Book,

And I will be the parson.





Who'll be the clerk,
 I said the Lark,
 If its not in the dark,
 And I will be the clerk.



Who'll carry him to the grave,
 I says the Kite,
 If its not in the night,
 And I'll carry him to the grave.

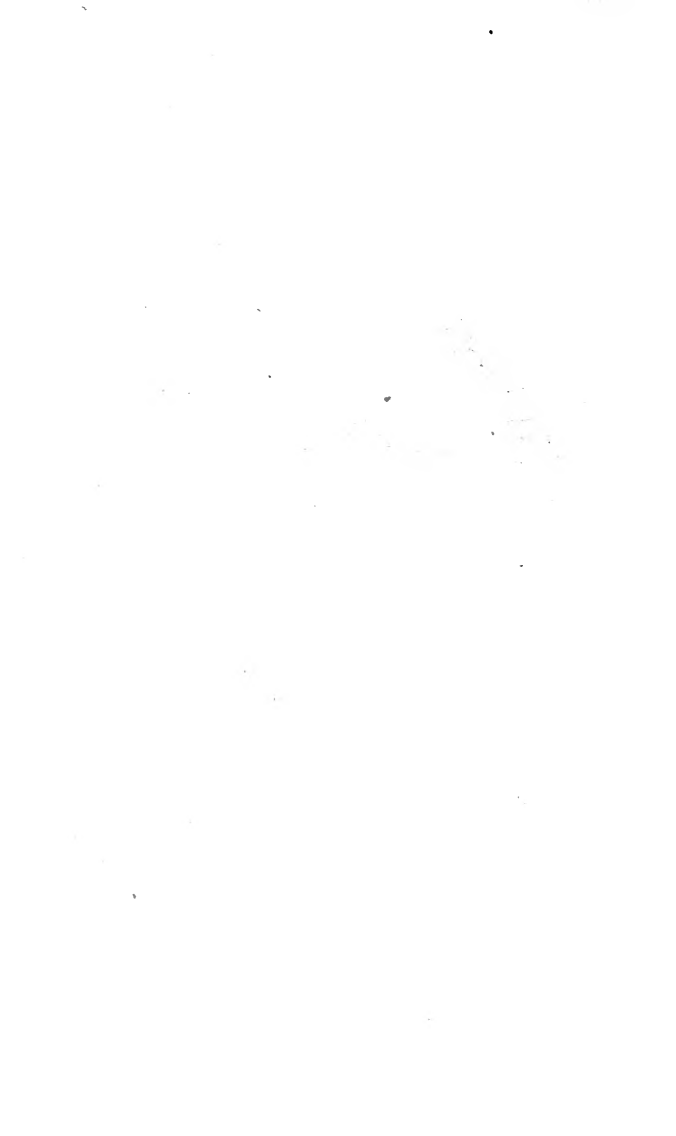


Who will carry the link,

I said the Linnet,

I'll fetch it in a minute,

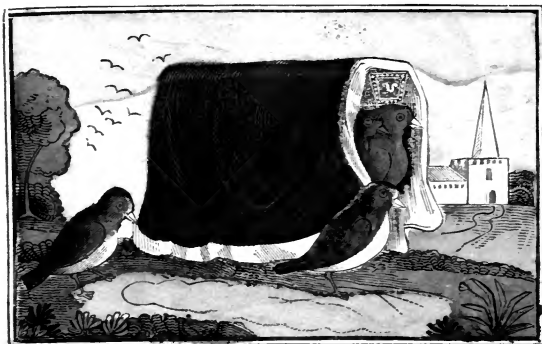
And I'll carry the link.







Who'll be chief mourner,
I says the Dove,
For I mourn for my love,
And I'll be chief mourner.



Who'll bear the pall,
We says the Wren,
Eoth the Cock and the Hen,
And we'll bear the pall.



Who'll sing a psalm,
I says the Thrush,
As she sat in a bush,
And I'll sing a psalm.



Who'll toll the bell,
I says the Bull,
Because I can pull,
And so Cock Robin farewell.

